

i'll never be her

losers analysis - I

angelsprunch

i'll never be her by angelsprunch

Series: [losers analysis \[1\]](#)

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Angst, But It's Still There, F/F, F/M, also beware because there's csa and rape and abuse and nsfw ish material, but it's a lot of projecting, nothing super graphic, so idk how i feel sharing this

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Gretta Keene, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Tom Rogan

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Beverly Marsh & Stanley Uris, Beverly Marsh/Richie Tozier, Bill Denbrough/Beverly Marsh, Gretta Keene & Beverly Marsh, Mike Hanlon/Beverly Marsh

Status: Completed

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Rape/Non-Con, Underage

Chapters: 1

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Summary:

beverly knows that her life is crumbling. she doesn't know how to fix things or make her life better. she found her worth and validation in the dirty sheets of someone else's bed.

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Author's Note:

i feel a bit scared to post this because of the themes in this fic, but i'm posting this as a csa victim trying to write about a csa victim. please let me know what you think, but if you're going to criticize please make it constructive. also, warning for mentions of sex, rape, csa, and abuse.

It started to seem like she only felt her worth when she was taking off her clothes. The way their eyes hungrily took her in was enough to make her fragile heart soar. Everyone saw the way Beverly changed as they all got older, but Ben started to wonder if she changed or if it just took them this long to notice. Sometimes she'd show up with bruises around her neck and a split lip, but she'd wave away any worried glances that the others shot her. Instead of admitting that maybe she had let things go too far, Beverly would insist that she had kinkier sex than the rest of the losers combined. It was typically enough to send Richie into a fit as he tried to outdo her and that seemed to silence the others. Still, Beverly had a hard time meeting their eyes as she listened to Richie make up stories about his sex life with Eddie which almost always ended in the smaller boy swatting at him.

The first time Beverly had sex that she agreed to was with someone who she would never admit the name of. He pulled her hair so hard that she thought he was ripping it out, but she urged him to keep going even though she cried. Whenever she closed her eyes, flashbacks of her trauma came back, but Beverly pushed through. The boy whispered compliments against her freckled skin until he collapsed on top of her and for the first time, Beverly thought she mattered. It didn't matter how many poems Ben wrote for her or how many longing stares she got from Bill. The long talks over a cigarette with Richie were nothing compared to this boy's breathless confessions of love, no matter how empty they were.

The second person she had sex with was completely by mistake. They were getting high in Richie's garage when he admitted that he was still a virgin. He had told her that he wanted to wait until he could do it with someone he trusted, but Eddie would probably never be ready. Nothing was on her mind now other than sex and Beverly still regretted leaning in to kiss Richie. The taste of smoke was still on his lips as she pulled him down on top of her. At one point he had said that he didn't want to cheat, but Beverly had told him that she wouldn't tell if he didn't and after that it was over. This time, when she closed her eyes, Beverly saw everyone at the quarry. She felt like she was floating with Richie on top of her. Everything felt like it would be okay. This time he didn't tell her that he loved her, but Beverly knew that he did. He may not love her like he loved Eddie, but they had their own special relationship. She still remembers the fight that Richie and Eddie had over a hickey she had left below his right ear.

After Richie, Beverly withdrew. The losers assumed it was her father again and while they weren't wrong, she couldn't stand to look her friends in the eye. She went back to the boy that was a bit too rough and she found that his friends made similar sweaty confessions. After getting caught with a girl, Beverly realized that it didn't matter who she was with as long as they pretended that they loved her. She didn't care what they did to her, either. If they were touching her then she knew she could do anything. The girl with brilliant green eyes had told Beverly that she didn't like girls like that, but also insisted that they meet up again. It struck her as odd how one day a girl could be pouring garbage on her and the next that same girl could be writhing on the mattress beneath her. When her father found out about her escapades, he wasn't pleased. He told Beverly that she was his and no one else's. The next day her eye was swollen shut and she turned away all visitors except for the girl with green eyes. The girl stole things to try and relieve some of the pain, but she simply tugged on the girl's sleeve and told her that to take off her clothes. Beverly helped her remove them and as they kissed the pain faded away.

There was a boy that she would meet up with and the bruises he left her with would combat those from her father. The only way she could tell them apart was by the size. Her father left much larger bruises on her porcelain skin as if he could shatter Beverly like a doll, meanwhile the boy hardly scratched the surface. She would do whatever he asked, giving in to all of his kinks. He was the only one that she let hold her afterwards because he'd continue with his words and Beverly would relive the moments hours afterwards and smile because she knew that no one else would do this for him. She was his and it made her feel alive.

Bill had asked her about the bruises around her neck one day and before Beverly could brush it away, he kissed her. The kiss reminded her of their first kiss, full of childhood innocence. It was too much for her to handle and she pulled away with tears in her eyes. She wasn't that sweet little girl anymore. Beverly knew that she had seen too much to go back to the pure naivety of childhood. She felt like she was on a path that she didn't know how to stray from and she wasn't sure if she wanted to. Bill wiped away her tears and begged Beverly to just talk to him. God dammit, Bev, can't you see that we're all worried? She only pulled him in closer and told him to kiss her like he meant it. This time he leaned in and kissed her with more feeling and she still felt like she could cry because part of this boy loved her and Beverly didn't understand how anyone could love her. It wasn't until they were rolling around in the grass that she truly believed he loved her.

After that Bill would try and hold her hand in public, but Beverly didn't allow it. She couldn't be tied down in a relationship because she knew she couldn't handle the heartache of someone falling out of love with her. She would coach herself on remaining distant. When she saw the girl with green eyes holding hands with a different girl, Beverly would tell herself that it didn't hurt before reapplying her eyeliner in the mirror. When the boy who pulled her hair told her that he didn't want to do this anymore, she told herself that she was

better off letting go. No one needed to hold onto their first time like that.

One time Beverly was birdwatching with Stan and she asked him what he does when he finds a bird with a broken wing. He told her that he used to nurse them back to health but there were too many birds in Derry with broken wings and it was too often that nature was cruel and all of his efforts were for naught. Now he just kills the bird to save them the pain of suffering. Beverly began to wonder if she was a bird waiting to be killed. Her hand found Stan's and she pulled him closer to her. She kissed his lips and asked him if he'd do the same if he found a broken person beyond repair. She needed to know what he'd do with her. That day she found out beneath the elm tree.

Stan wouldn't meet her eyes after that, but when they were alone he'd cast Beverly worried glances. He'd seen the scars on her hips and he wanted to talk to her. He wanted to let her know that she wasn't alone, he wanted to tell himself that maybe they could get better together. She refused his help, though. She would cut him off and ask about birds or about his prayers. As frustrating as it was, Stan knew that he couldn't force her to talk. Perhaps they were both destined to suffer on their own.

Eddie was off limits. She had hurt him enough in the sewers. She knew from the way that he looked at her that he didn't remember and she didn't either. Not fully, at least. Still, she never tried to make a move on him. Instead she would ask questions and listen as he talked about various health facts. She'd take vitamins with him in hopes of keeping up with her health so that she could continue to lead her lifestyle. On rare occasions, she'd ask him for condoms to which he'd bashfully hand one over.

Mike was the next person and while she didn't mean for it to happen,

she didn't regret it the way she did with Richie. Richie still couldn't meet her eyes when he was with Eddie and Beverly told herself it didn't hurt. They were laying in a field of flowers, staring at the clouds. Beverly's cotton dress clung to her skin in the summer heat and she wondered if Mike was looking at her the way the others would at times. Eventually she turned to face him, only to find him staring at the sky. A delicate hand fell on his cheek and she guided him through it all. He whispered how pretty she was and it made her feel ethereal. In the field of flowers, she believed that in another life this could be the beginning of a love story. Instead, this was her life and the magic would be over as soon as she pulled her dress back on. Then they'd just be surrounded by dirt once again.

As much as she wanted to close in on Ben, Beverly knew that was approaching dangerous territory. He loved her and anything with him would be too much for her to stay detached. They never even kissed and before Beverly knew it all of her friends were gone and so was she. It didn't take long for her to meet a man that fit in perfectly with her toxic lifestyle. He only told her she was pretty when she was naked, bleeding, or both.